

THE Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOL. VIII—WHOLE No. 425.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, No. 112 CHEMUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—¹² COUNTING-ROOM ON HUDSON'S ALLEY.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

Song of the Restored to Jerusalem.

gain both Judah re-echoes song,
and our notes proudly swell her green valleys along,
gain on the soil of Jerusalem tread,
though our foot-steps are placed on her ruins and dead.

I have rest'd our own country in safety, and now
into thy kindness in gratitude bow;

gain shall thy temple in glory arise,

and its roof proudly tower to meet the blue skies.

rough shore of the splendours which Solomon gave,
the riches of earth, and the spoils of the wave;

sweeter than incense to these shall arise,

the tears of thy people, their penitent sighs.

long had the children of Babylon's plain
mankind and ashes, Babylon's plain;

mighty had fallen, our princes were gone,

the light of God's favour from us was withdrawn.

at length to our sorrows Jehovah lent ear,

to his people to lighten and cheer;

chastened our faults in affliction's fierce fires,

and has brought us again to the homes of our sires.

the proud towers of our nobles have crumbled away;

their marble bales with the smoke of the fray;

the lion lies down in his lair,

no reigns o'er the beauties once there.

now peace and plenty again shall abide,

as the city arises in its pomp and its pride;

no cloth Judah re-echoes our call;

the praise to Jehovah, the Lord over all.

ADA.

TO A LADY,
her going to reside in one of the Southern States
Those goest where Winter, robed in storm
With tempest holds maintain his sway,
And where his stern and rugged form
Seems but the being of a day.

And would that thou might'st find a home
Where clouds of sorrow gather not,
Where storms of passion never come.
And the soul's winter is forgot.

When cloudless skies are brightening o'er thee,
And green verdure decks the ground,
May fairer prospects bloom before thee,
And fonder hopes thy paths surround

But can it be? Alas! thou find,
A spot beneath yon southern sky

Where disappointment ne'er has pined,
Where hearts have never learned to sigh

No; even there the voice of death
Is mingled with the notes of gladness,
And sorrow twines her eyepiece wreath,
And counts her lingering hours of sadness.

Farewell! thou seek'st a southern clime,
Where earlier bloom o'er-spreads the spray;
And where, on summer's pinions, time
Flows smoothly, silently away.

But tho' the flow'r may blush more fair,
Sons be more bright and skies be clearer,
Thou'll find no kinder feelings there,
No hearts to whom thy name is dear.

ARCOLO.

LINES.
To sit and gaze on beauty's matchless charms—
To see the plead, deep-blue eye, round which
A lovely, silent languor plays—beaming
With life and light—the brow, as white as the
Pure, stainless snow—the cheek of roseate dye—
The lily neck, th' angelic, beauteous form
That moves along in grace and majesty—
To view these dazzling charms alone forth in
chaste

And peerless loveliness, would e'en enchain
And captivate the savage soul. But these

Are beauties, far beyond the brightest tints

Wherewith kind nature decks the female shape;

The mind, where ev'ry gem and sweetest bud
Of culture lie enshrin'd—the tender heart,

Where quenches love and sympathy have made

Their blushing buds; and from whose unermort
Resumes beams a pure, a heavenly light—

These are the ripening charms that ne'er can
know

Decay—the flow'r whose evanescent breathes when
all

Their leaves are dead—whose seeds transplanted
to

A rich and more congenial soil will grow,

In bright luxuriance, 'neath the sunshines skies

Of heaven, and blossom in the sunshine of

A purer, balmy spring.

CARLOS.

THE FEMICIDE.
“Sisters! weave the web of death;
Sisters! chase, the work is done.”

The Fatal Sisters.

The picture I have endeavoured to draw in the
long stanza is from life. The incidents are
li-true. Though the general reader may dis-
like in the “Femicide” some analogy, in circum-
stances, to that bumbling picture of human depravity,
the delineations of an Unexcused Feminicide
are not from which may be found in the 11th No. of
“Femicide” for 1827, yet it is not the same, nor are
they, save in the catastrophe of female ex-
ecution, an agony of amid.

A sickening pang that few can bear;

And over the spirit wildly roll

The beating billows of despair,

When in the bosom we can trace

A love we dare not own—which space

Nor time nor words can e'er efface,

Or quench the flame so strongly fed—

The love for me we cannot tell.

The moon is forth, and in a hop’;

Of jessamine and myrtle tw’nd,

Air! in wait the promis’d lone

Of Ova’s coming; there reclin’d,

With ferv’l’ hope and anxious fear,

The marks the slow redee of day,

As one by one new melt away

With brightest hours, and nature’s tear

Gangs glistening on the sun-bred sea.

He comes, he comes! I saw him then;

As under widening, darken’d glo-

He comes, he comes! O, I rejoice
That I again my hear his voice;
He comes, he comes! vain heart be still,
Nor by thy warmth bring deepest ill?

In Delta’s bower, as Ova now,
With ev’l heart and darkened brow;
Yet little ween the maid careeth,
How soon her soul must join the blest.

Need I add, that Amelia is now my partner for
life, and as an affectionate wife and fond mother
as patterns to her are.

A. B. F.

LOVE OF COUNTRY,

An Address read before the Philological Institute,
June 8, 1829.

Breathe there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.—W. S.

There is no feeling that exists in the heart of
man, so deeper, purer, or more hollowed character,
than love of country. From the highest in
the scale of earthly honors, to the lowest; from
the possessors of the highest offices of rank and
distinction, down to the humble peasant
that dwells in peace beneath the roof of a lowly
cottage, this feeling is felt alike, in all its power.

True, indeed, it sometimes degenerates into
a selfish principle, that looks to nothing but its
own interests; but when this is the case, it not
only degrades the man in the eyes of his
countrymen, but renders him unworthy the high
honor of being a citizen, or subject of any govern-
ment. When in its purity, there is not to be
found a more sublime or generous impulse, or a
nobler principle of action, in the heart of man.

It is a theme on which the poet dwells with
rapture and delight, and the pen of the historian
traces with “words of fire,” the life and actions
of the patriot.

It is love of country, that endears to the
wandering Ishmaelite, the arid and sandy deserts
of Arabia; it is love of country, that presents
to the view of the despoiled African, the
 parched soil and the burning deserts of his native
land, as the most beautiful and interesting place
on earth; and it is love of country, that binds
the heart of the European, to the green fields and
the fertile forests which are scattered far
and wide over the land of his fathers.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom of their country. They tramped
with scorn upon the star, the garver and the
coronet, emblems of wreathed though splendid
slavery, and the crozier and the mitre were as
dust beneath their feet. Their country’s freedom
was their only object, and their country’s
freedom they obtained. The British Lion now
couches in abject submission beneath the proud
eyes of the American Eagle; and the “Star
Spangled Banner” waves in triumph, over the
time-worn, and the blood-stained flag of Eng-
land.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is
this principle displayed in a stronger or more
distinguished manner than our own. It was this
that caused the statesmen and warriors of the
Revolution, to pledge their “lives, their fortune,
and even their sacred honor,” should the interests
of their country demand the sacrifice; it was this
that enabled them successfully to resist the
power of a nation, at that time the
mightiest on earth. It was not wealth they
fought for, neither did the wild and burning
dreams of ambition mingle with their aspirations
for the freedom

was in a small package, neatly done up and tied with the arms of Sir Henry Clinton.—"A right enough, right enough," said he, and "without you going alone to a stable or bastille house the most difficult task to me would be to make him a comfortable situation, then removing him from it, and inspiring him to tell his better with all the exactness of a man who has received some inadmissible information," he continued.—"Why, yes, yes, Major Penberthorn, if Bumper or Marion could be entrapped, the opposition would undoubtedly cease; but here lies the difficulty, snuff Francis Marion," and he, elevating his voice. "Why, my good Sir, I had rather undertake to catch a seal by moonlight. And besides, Sir, he has removed from this neighborhood.—Arthur tells me he is some here on the Peden." "Not," said Major Penberthorn, biting his lip again, "a man who is disappointed in his embassy; your instructions, if I rightly understand the commander in chief, are not confined entirely to these two rebel Generals; any information respecting the encampment at Ashley point would greatly assist the royal cause." "Ay, sure enough, sure enough," said the old man, "but since that plumed affair of Anderson they have kept such a tight eye upon me that I could hardly escape from my hall door without being watched by that great Scote Sergeant, McDonald; however, Arthur will be home to night from Ashley point, and by his information I shall be able to make out your instructions by the morning.—But Major you are fatigued," repeated he, "and I will detain you no longer. Here, Duncan," said he to a servant, who at that moment entered the room, "show Mr. Donalson to his apartment." The stranger bowed a goodnight, and left the hall.

When Major Penberthorn reached his apartment, his first movement was to throw himself into a chair, and to think over the events of his journey. He called to mind the unexpected generosity of Alice, the dangers which he had escaped, and the disagreeable and precarious business upon which he was employed. His mind becoming agitated, and the heat of the room appearing to increase, he threw open the curtains of his window, to receive the cool and refreshing breeze of the evening. The night was clear and invigorating; the little fleecy clouds which had, in the early part of the evening, obscured the sky, were now driving off to the east, and the full, clear moon was riding high in the heavens. It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness; and the bosom of the little river Ashley, as it flowed peacefully by his window, appeared undisturbed by a single ripple. It was in the contemplating this scene that his mind became in a measure composed; and leaning his head upon the sash of his window, his thoughts naturally reverted back to the scenes of his boyhood. From these reflections he was presently aroused by a low and gentle knocking at the door, and bidding them to enter, the light and delicate figure of Matilda Mortimer stood before this astonished knight-errant. Amazement for a time sealed up his lips, but recovering from this state of embracement, he arose, and advancing to the spot where she was standing, "Matilda," said he, "may I ask the cause of this unexpected visit?" The neck and face of this bonnie girl were instantly suffused with blushes, but gathering confidence from the countenance that appeared to sit upon her countenance, she replied, that she had come to warn him of the dangers by which he was surrounded, and to teach him the most ready way to avoid it. Penberthorn remained silent, and the young lady continued.—"Duncan has just returned from Ashley point, and brings word that an order had just arrived to arrest a Mr. Donalson, staying at Singleton Place; and, oh! Glanville," repeated she, "thus must refer to you. Forgive my impudent step, and fly immediately." Before he had time to reply she had left the apartment.

"And angels," said he, as he turned and paced the floor of his apartment, "united with both women to effect my deliverance. But my case is now hopeless—at least, though, I will make an effort." And advancing to the table, he extinguished the light, and sought the private staircase which led to the garden. Arrived at the stable, he found his horse still feeding, with the bridle hanging upon the bow of the saddle, and immediately adjusting it, he mounted and took the road which lay opposite to Ashley point. But the whole encampment was now in commotion—signal guns were continuously firing, and the distant roll of the drum called the drawn soldier to his post of action.

All hopes were now cut off, and he had determined to surrender himself to the first party of soldiers he should fall in with, when his horse made a sudden spring, and the next moment his reign was firmly seized by the strong arm of Alice McTee.

"Donna know," said she, in her shrill Scotch dialect, "you are riding into the trap of your enemies! But come hither, child," said she, "do you not see the horsemen already in pursuit of ye?" And indeed the old woman spoke true, for hardly had they concealed themselves behind the low brush wood, when a party of light horse, headed by the renowned Sergeant McDonald, swept by. When the sound of the horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, the old woman arose, and still retaining her hold of the horse's bridle, she continued—"And now, my child, ride swiftly forward; stop not till you come to the bottom of the ravine; turn short to the left, then ford the river, and keep along the left bank until you arrive at your encampment; remember," said she, "the watch-word is Steven." Throw this cloak over your shoulders, (presenting him with a large green cloth coat, such as were worn by the continental light horse of the day,) and if any one ask you, whence go ye? tell them you are in pursuit of the spy, Dunnigan; and now away," said she. As she uttered these last words, the traveler dashed the rows of his spurs deep into the banks of the horse, and with one sudden bound he cleared the thick copse wood, and was soon lost in the gloom of the forest. Following the directions of the old woman, he gave the correct counter-sign, replied to the inquiries of the double chain of sentinels, and, covered with dust and dirt, he arrived about break of day within the lines of his encampment.

It was early in the month of November, 1782, that the independence of the colonies was formally acknowledged by the British negotiators, then assembled at Paris. The armies of Great Britain were recalled from our shores, and peace once more visited our distracted country. Many of the English officers becoming attached to the manners of the people, settled in different parts of the Union, and in the portfolio of a gentleman who died near Beaufort, South Carolina, about the year 1802, the following narrative was found:

I am the second son of Sir Thomas Penberthorn, of Berkshire, England. I was early initiated in the use of arms, and during many of my juvenile years, which I spent in the Highlands of Scotland, was almost continually engaged in petty broils. About the year 1776, I was recalled to England, and made acquainted with an advantageous match, which my father had just concluded between myself and a rich heiress, who was then abroad. To this union of my natural rights I strongly objected, and my father becoming irritated, I employed the good offices of a friend, who obtained me a commission in the army, and I immediately embarked for America. In Charleston I became acquainted with many young officers of my own age, and I mingled considerably in company, was not at a loss for amusement. It was at the birth-night party of Mrs. Towley that I first became acquainted with Matilda Mortimer. She was young, beautiful and fascinating. With her family I was unacquainted; but she was at this time staying with a relation in Charleston—Young and ardent in my affections, I gave myself up entirely to the dissipation of this mas-

terly female. Hardly so long but what I saw her—hardly a day but what I spent a portion of it in her company.

At length I awoke from her the conclusion that our love was mutual, and a week after I was called upon duty, to the country. Upon the field of Neshaminy, 1780, I was sent by the commander-in-chief as the bearer of a private package to John Singleton, Esq. of Singleton, (here the narrative relates at full length the story which the reader has already perused,) and continuing, it says, early in the spring of 1781, Sir Robert Penberthorn arrived in Charleston. Instantly I waited upon him, and was received with studied formality. "I presume," said he, as I arose to leave the room, "you are not married yet." "I assumed him that I was not—and are still disposed to be as stubborn as ever." I muttered something respecting my natural rights, and was about to leave the room, when calling me back, he added—"At least, you will see this young lady with whom I have contracted this match, before I am broken off—remember I told you she was abroad, and she is now in Charleston. I will be at Clinton's assembly this evening, and I shall expect you at 9 o'clock, to accompany me down." I bowed assent and left the room.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at the assembly room, in which was assembled all the ton and fashion of the place; as several sets were at the moment engaged in dancing cotillions, we employed the time until their close, in walking around the room. The quick eye of Sir Robert soon detected the party he wished to see, and quickening his pace we soon came in contact with a small group of ladies, to one of whom he introduced me, with a look full of meaning; but judge my astonishment when I beheld not the girl whom I had already fancied and doctored, but Matilda Mortimer. The secret was now explained, the event was such as it should have been, and it is needless to add we were married.

By the death of John Singleton, which took place a few years after I was married, I became heir through my wife, who was nearly related to him, to Singleton Place. As business then called me to this place immediately, I determined to take the cottage of Robon McTee in my way, and upon a fine summer evening in the month of September, arrived at the door of the fisherman's hut. The old woman was sitting near the door of the house, busily engaged with her work, and appeared to have been unconscious that any one had approached her; but raising her head, her eyes encountered mine, and instantly she sprang towards me, and throwing her arms around my neck, she continued to caress me in an agitated and shrill tone, God guide us, in my arm-barn, its my arm-barn; and then giving way to her natural feelings, she wept for joy. ——The narrative becomes illegible; but the reader may recognize in old Alice the faithful sentinel of her tender years.

July 12, 1829.

Evening Post.

OFFICE NO. 112 CHESTNUT STREET.

Price—\$5 00 per annum, payable in advance.
\$5 00 per month, in advance, during the year.
\$1 25 for six months—in advance.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the Publisher, when arrangements are due.

* Small notes of solvent banks received at par value for Subscriptions, &c. by mail.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

There were 92 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 39 of which were of adults, and 54 children, 27 under one year of age. 9 of the above were from the Almshouse, and 11 of people of colour.

The steam boat belonging to the Citizens' Canal line, in which came passengers captain Baker's company, from Baltimore, made her way through the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. This is the first steam boat that has passed the whole distance.

One of the stages of the Despatch Line for Philadelphia, was, on Monday, upset before they got through the street in New Brunswick, and dashed to pieces. Fortunately none of the passengers were seriously injured, although two of them did not proceed on their journey.

The Junior Artillerists, under the command of Capt. C. Baker, returned from their excursion to Baltimore, on Wednesday afternoon. They were received at the steamboat landing by a numerous detachment of volunteers, and escorted to the Military Hall in Library street. In the evening they visited the Arch street Theatre.

The working people's delegates of the city of Philadelphia, met on Saturday, and nominated GEORGE HARRIS for sheriff, ENNION WILLIAMS for county commissioner, and JOHN DUROIS for coroner.

The bars of the amphitheatre, on Old York road, Northern Liberties, have been rented for \$848, for the term of four months.

Ice was seen, near Bordentown, on last Saturday morning.

The Upper Canada papers speak of a most abundant and excellent harvest the present season. The wheat is of the very best quality, and potatoes were selling at Kingston at 10d. per bushel.

The Sheriff of Alleghany county has received the death warrant for the execution of the murderer on the 2d of October next.

The Mansion Hotel, at Port Hope, Upper Canada, was robbed on the night of the 24th of August, of property in cash and notes to the amount of five thousand and forty pounds sterling, belonging to John L. Williams, Esq. Mr. W. has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for such information of the robbers as may bring them to justice. It is supposed they shaped their course for the United States with their booty.

The Boston Patriot mentions that on a late trip to or from Plymouth, the steamer LaFayette took fire, producing much consternation on board. A black man, being told to lower the small boat for the reception of passengers, did it in such a manner as to fill it with water. All hands turned their attention to putting out the fire, which was quickly done, and it was found that the damage was not great.

At the commencement of Yale College, on the 9th instant, the degree of A. B. was conferred on seventy-four young gentlemen, and that of A. M. on forty alumni. Thirty-five gentlemen, also alumni, received the degree of M. D.

On last Friday night, a man fell from the gallery of the Baltimore circus, a height of 60 or 70 feet, and hurt himself but slightly.

A bunch of grapes has been gathered in Charleston, S. C. this season, that weighed three and a quarter pounds.

Eight criminals made their escape from the Buffalo jail on the 6th inst.

At the Labyrinth Garden of Mr. Smith, there is an apple tree, full of fruit, and has a fine show of blossoms.

An old lady in Wibraham, Mass. in her 80th year, has several times spun 5000 yards of woolen yarn per day.

A hog which weighs 1400 lbs has been raised in Poultney, Vt. and it is intended to send him to New York and Washington for exhibition. There is no mistake about his being a whale.

The Governor of Canada has appointed Commissioners with the view to carrying into effect the intentions of the Acts of the provincial Legislature for opening a navigable communication by the Richelieu with Lake Champlain.

The Spanish troops encamped on the banks of the Mississippi, complain bitterly of the attack upon them by the Mosquitos.

An eagle was shot in Hingham, Mass. on Monday last, which measured six feet between the extremities of the wings.

On Saturday morning, as the sloop Hope, of Monrovia, L. I. Barthol H. Sanford, master, was passing through the Narrows, she ran foul of the schooner Belvidere then at anchor, and received considerable damage. Captain Sanford, of the sloop Hope, in getting the vessel clear, slipped overboard and was drowned. Every exertion was made to save him, but to no effect.

The editor of the Brooklyn, Conn. Advertiser asks his readers to excuse him for devoting a great portion of his paper to advertisements, as much of the matter prepared for his columns had been knocked into it by the jarring of a gun.

It appears that the season has been very sickly in the region of the Gold Mines in Mecklenburg county, N. C. Some deaths had occurred among those whose productiveness of the mines had allured them from the more healthy districts. Colwell's celebrated Gold Mine in that vicinity yields, it is said, \$1000 per week.

The Grand Jury of Wilkes County, N. C. con-

gratulate their fellow citizens on the decrease in the sale of ardent spirits, and "present a grati-

ty, of insatiable evil, that men, notoriously

intemperate in life and practice, are permitted

under the constitution and laws of this state, to

hold offices of either honor, profit or trust."

The Siamese boys, which have attracted so

much notice in Boston, have arrived in New

York, and are to be exhibited at the Masonic

Hall.

A dwelling house, and an adjoining building

in Vincennes, N. W. were, on Saturday last, de-

stroyed by fire, and, in consequence of nearly all

the inhabitants of the town being at a camp

meeting in the vicinity, almost the whole of the

surrounding was lost.

A Boston paper proposes, as a puzzle for

Philadelphia Lawyers, the question whether one

of the Siamese doublets could be taken on G.

Na. at the suit of a stranger. Dr. Kilpatrick,

who disputes in *omni scientia de quodlibet ente*,

proposes a still more interesting case; whether

one could maintain an action of slander against

the other.

The Killingworth, Conn. veterans, it would ap-

pear, were a great race. A wing a company of

sixty-four men raised that town at the com-

encement of the revolutionary war, not one was

less than six feet high, and it is said they all did

their duty.

The Virginia gold mining company, working in

in Spotsylvania county, have, in the last four

weeks, obtained 1200 dwt. of native gold—

worth about \$1200.

The sentence of the court in the case of

George Swearinger, has been made out.

The execution is to take place on Friday, the second

of October next. On the 8th day of Sept. 1828,

Gen. Robert Penberthorn arrived in Char-

leston. Instantly I waited upon him, and was re-

ceived with studied formality.

"I presume," said he, as I arose to leave the room,

"you are not married yet."

"I assumed him that I was not—and are still disposed to be as

stubborn as ever."

I muttered something re-

specting my natural rights, and was about to

leave the room, when calling me back, he added—"At least, you will see this young lady

with whom I have contracted this match, before I am broken off—remember I told you she

was abroad, and she is now in Charleston. I will be at Clinton's assembly this evening, and I shall expect you at 9 o'clock, to accompany me down."

I bowed assent and left the room.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at the assembly room,

here the narrative relates at full length the

story which the reader has already per-

used.

At length I awoke from her the conclusion

that our love was mutual, and a week after I

was called upon duty, to the country. Upon

the field of Neshaminy, 1780, I was sent by the

commander-in-chief as the bearer of a private

package to John Singleton, Esq. of Singleton,

(here the narrative relates at full length the

story which the reader has already per-

used.

At length I awoke from her the conclusion

The Post.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent R., of Laurel, will bear in mind, that it is quality and not quantity that constitutes the merit of a Tale, in our view. Some of his late communications have been unnecessarily long, and all of them require considerable pruning. We would advise him to be more particular hereafter.

On our first page will be found several contributions from an Association in Pittsburgh. These would have been published at an earlier period, but were accidentally mislaid.

The Esme is inadmissible.

If the writer of an esme commencing 'I am and I am not,' will furnish us with a solution, we have no objection to its publication.

Philip Roland is received, but not read. We hope the objection made above to R., of Laurel will not apply to this Tale.

Kind reader, we want your sympathy. This week we are strongly unfortunate. Not only is there an utter dearth of news, foreign and domestic, a striking item in the list of Mr. F.'s calamities, but superadded to this we are sick, —two of our principal assistants are sick; and to make these visitations the more afflictive, we have so much business to attend to that we cannot take that repose, or pursue that course of treatment, which is necessary to the restoration of our health. We have sundry payments to make that cannot be delayed; and accounts to furnish that are absolutely called for; but 'stronger far than this, than these, than all,' we have to cudgel our brains to make up the paper, and furnish you with something that may interest or amuse you. This is a sad state of things, truly, and we are sure you will not refuse us your kind condolence. If you have ever had the headache to such a degree that you thought the skull was actually about to fall in pieces, and at the same time felt as if the whole internal arrangement of your system was turned topsy-turvy, you may form some slight notion of our suffering at 'this present writing'; and when you remember that instead of being snugly stowed away in a good feather-bed, we are seated in our office, connected with which there is a stairway, and that up and down this stairway half a score of little devils are continually running, with a noise that might awaken the seven sleepers, you will not wonder that we complain of our situation.

We are especially vexed at our illness happening just at this time, as we had intended to make a dissertation on a subject that has long been uppermost in our thoughts; and now just as every thing seemed ready, we are seized by the shoulder by grim disease, and the rascal is giving us a hearty shaking. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and while the late northerner has brought sickness to us and to our assistants, it may have been of service to some of our readers, and in the hope that it has, we will endeavour to console ourselves.

A riot of a very serious nature occurred in Fourth street near Vine, on Sunday evening:—The origin we did not learn; but oaths and blows were dealt round with a most remarkable disregard to breath, bones, and decency. We heard it stated that one young man concerned in the affray, was yesterday before the mayor, to answer for his disturbance of the city's peace. —U. S. Gazette.

On Sunday evening, about half past nine, a gentleman connected with a who stale dry-goods store in Market street near Fifth, not part of which was occupied as a dwelling house, thought, as he was passing near, that it might be well to look into the yard, and see that every thing was right. Having the key in his pocket, he opened the gate, on an alley in the rear, and entered. He was surprised to see a board raised so as to form a bridge to the second story window, and a rogue crawling up as if intending to commence operations, with two companions below, holding the board, and keeping a look out. The night was rather dark; and the adventurers, apparently thinking that the intruder had not seen them, hid themselves behind some boxes that lay in the yard. The gentleman, after debating with himself, for a few minutes, as to the best mode of securing the three, heard a footstep in the alley, and called for the watch. The knaves started from their holes, and proceeded to climb over the wall into the adjoining yard. Their enemy darted forward at once, and seized one with a grasp from which he found it impossible to escape. Two or three men came running into the yard, but the other two had escaped. The prisoner was handed over to the watchman, and taken care of. —Caron.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A well dressed man entered one of our most extensive jobbing houses in Pearl street, late in the afternoon of Friday, (having ascertained at the door that the partners were not in,) and said he would be obliged by the loan of fifty dollars U. S. money until the next day, as he had a bill to pay, for which the money he happened to have was not acceptable. The description succeeded at first; and the clerks, not doubting that it was some one of their numerous customers, were about furnishing the money. But on asking the fellow's name, he said he was Mr. —— of No. ——, Marketfield street, Philadelphia, which street happens to have no existence. The result was, that the fictitious customer gave the clerks a sound schooling for hesitating to grant so slight an accommodation to such a patron, and went off, leaving them to congratulate themselves on their escape from a scheme planned and executed in first rate style.

The Store of Mott, Wood, & Merritt, 79 Pine street, was broken open on Sunday evening, and the following articles stolen:—4 pieces fine bleached muslin, one cotton bed ticking, one curtain coat, one piece mixed woolens, cloth, six sheets cotton padding, and a large umbrella. The thieves were either alarmed, or forgot to open the desks and drawers, which contained several hundred dollars in bank notes and silver. They entered the store by forcing the iron bars in the cellar window in the rear, and went out through the front door, which was found open in the morning. The goods were thrown into a cellar in Pearl street, occupied by a colored man, who, on discovering them, had immediately carried to the Police Office.

During the last week in August, Thomas T. Taul was shot at Winchester, Franklin county, Tennessee, by Rufus K. Anderson, Esq. of Alabama, a brother of Taul's first wife. There had been a law-suit in the court about some property. Anderson was let to bail, it being supposed by Miss Wright, and this alone can account for the interposition of the Stockholders in entering into a contract, the terms of which implied a breach of their original engagement; with the Stockholders of the Theatre.

On the other hand, Miss Wright, or her agents, advertised the lecture without having previously obtained the use of the house in which it was intended to be delivered, she or they are liable to public censure. A crowd of persons was assembled, and kept waiting in the theatre, to be ultimately disappointed.

These remarks we have not intended to discuss the propriety of lectures in a Theatre on the 1st, as we leave that matter to another opportunity, remarking only, that such lectures repugnant to the feelings of a large and respectable portion of the community, and should therefore be undertaken without due consideration of the consequences. Our purpose in writing to the subject at this time is, to notice and condemn what we consider an unexampled violation of the community, and to express a desire that such things will not occur hereafter.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. E. Forrest made his first appearance this season, at the Arch street Theatre, on Monday evening. The house was literally crammed; boxes, pit and gallery were all filled to overflowing, and the applause with which Mr. F. was received, when he first came upon the stage, was absolutely deafening. Our ears still tingled with the shock received upon that occasion.

The performances were *Pizarro* and *Theresa*, in both of which Mr. F. sustained the heroes. His *Rollo* is familiar to every body—it is one of his crack parts, and they who think he does not play it well, if any such there be, are certainly hard to please. *Theresa* is a dull affair, and it required all the efforts of Mr. F. and Miss Rock, who personated the principal characters, to keep the audience from yawning. A five-act play and a three-act melo-drama on the same night, almost realize the old proverb of 'too much of a good thing,' &c. and form a real tax on the patience of the auditory.

On Wednesday *Demon & Pythias* was performed to a good house. Both the friends were well played, the former by Forrest and the latter by Archer.

The *Festivis*, *Mons.* and *Mad.* have been exhibiting their skill in the 'poetry of motion,' as Lady Morgan calls it, at this house during the past week. Who dares to say they are not excellent dancers? Not we, certainly.

Thursday there was a first appearance by a Lady of this city, in *Lucy Bertram*. She sings well.

Mr. Forrest's benefit is fixed for this evening, on which occasion he will appear for the first time, in this city, in *Miss Misford's* beautiful play of *Rienzi*.

At Walnut St. *Clara Fisher* took a benefit on Monday, and we are pleased in being able to say that, notwithstanding the attractions at the rival houses, she realized a handsome sum.

Mr. Hause commenced a short engagement at Walnut street, on Tuesday, in the character of *Telli*. He was well received. *He and Clara Fisher* are now playing together at the same house, where their united attractions are quite effective.

A young man, whose name was *Withy*, a comb-maker by trade, lost his life last Monday by the accidental discharge of a gun. The deceased was on a shooting party, in a boat on the Delaware, with two companions, they sitting aft, and he in the bow of the boat. One of their guns went off, and he received the whole load in the side of his throat, not far below the right ear. He died almost immediately.

A riot of a very serious nature occurred in Fourth street near Vine, on Sunday evening:—The origin we did not learn; but oaths and blows were dealt round with a most remarkable disregard to breath, bones, and decency. We heard it stated that one young man concerned in the affray, was yesterday before the mayor, to answer for his disturbance of the city's peace.

We are especially vexed at our illness happening just at this time, as we had intended to make a dissertation on a subject that has long been uppermost in our thoughts; and now just as every thing seemed ready, we are seized by the shoulder by grim disease, and the rascal is giving us a hearty shaking. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and while the late northerner has brought sickness to us and to our assistants, it may have been of service to some of our readers, and in the hope that it has, we will endeavour to console ourselves.

It was advertised in several of the daily papers at the close of the last week, that Miss Frances Wright would deliver a lecture on *National Education*, in the Walnut street Theatre, Sunday evening, the 13th inst. On Saturday, notice appeared in the evening papers, stating that Miss Wright would not lecture, as advertised, the stockholders of the Walnut street establishment having refused her the use of that house. In consequence of this refusal, application was made by her friends for the Washington Hall, and on Sunday morning placards were posted in different parts of the city, informing the public that the lecture would be given in the building last named. This arrangement was subsequently altered, though not in time to prevent the assemblage of a large number of persons in front of the Washington Hall, where they waited impatiently for the opening of the doors. After some delay it was understood that the proposed lecture would be delivered in the Library Hall, in Library street, and, of course, the crowd repaired thither, where a large concourse had previously assembled. When Miss Wright arrived, she found it impossible to obtain admission to the Hall, and the lecture was therefore postponed. Before leaving the ground she addressed the people from her carriage, we believe; complaining of the treatment she had received, and urging the necessity of building a hall which should be appropriated to the use of public lectures.

These are the facts, as we have gathered them from the public prints, and from these facts we infer, that, in fact, she did not attend, to attend the assemblage of a large number of persons in front of the Washington Hall, where they waited impatiently for the opening of the doors. The announcement of her lecture; but, we take it, granted, that such was the case, as it is not probable that Miss Wright would have ventured to impose upon the public. If such an arrangement had been made, the Managers of that hall, or whoever granted its use, were certainly wrong in not adhering to their agreement; but it is sufficient to excuse them that the Stockholders interfered to prevent its fulfilment.—The Managers to have possessed no right to lease the building for the purpose intended by Miss Wright, and this alone can account for the interposition of the Stockholders, entered into entering into a contract, the terms of which implied a breach of their original engagement; with the Stockholders of the Theatre.

On the other hand, Miss Wright, or her agents, advertised the lecture without having previously obtained the use of the house in which it was intended to be delivered, she or they are liable to public censure. A crowd of persons was assembled, and kept waiting in the theatre, to be ultimately disappointed.

These remarks we have not intended to discuss the propriety of lectures in a Theatre on the 1st, as we leave that matter to another opportunity, remarking only, that such lectures repugnant to the feelings of a large and respectable portion of the community, and should therefore be undertaken without due consideration of the consequences. Our purpose in writing to the subject at this time is, to notice and condemn what we consider an unexampled violation of the community, and to express a desire that such things will not occur hereafter.

by what authority the stranger demanded admittance to the room of his guest, he advised him to wait till morning, and then take legal steps for the recovery of his alleged sister. The advice was adopted, and the young man went to bed. Early the next day the lady and gentleman rose; and whilst they were on the eve of their departure, the young gentleman had an interview with his sister, which was marked by the most heart-rending circumstances. The female wept bitterly—expressed an anxious desire to return to her friends and her home, but stated that she could not. In the mean time, the seducer, or rather the abductor, discovered that the brother had arrived, drew his pistols, and stating that the female belonged to him, swore that he would blow out the brains of any one that opposed him; and hurrying the young lady to the carriage hastily departed, and has not since been heard of. It is said that the abductor is a married man, and is the father of several children. His place of residence is Ashford, Connecticut. We give these brief particulars for the sake of gratifying that curiosity which we have awakened; and are sorry to say, that existing circumstances forbid our going into a more minute exposition.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.—Captain Clark, of the schooner Splendid, arrived at this port this morning, on 27 days from Vera Cruz, informs us that the Spanish troops, to the number of 1500, five days after landing, marched into Tampico, of which they took possession, there being only 400 Mexican troops to oppose them in that quarter: but that Gen. Santa Anna, with 15,000 troops, left Vera Cruz two or three days before Captain C. sailed, and marched with them for Tampico. *Commodore Porter* was under arrest.

ALMANACK.

1829.	MEET.	NEW	OLD	MOON'S	PHASES.
15 SATURDAY.	8 55	6	5	LAST	1/2
20 SUNDAY.	8 57	6	22	LAST	1/2
21 MONDAY.	8 54	6	23	LAST	1/2
22 TUESDAY.	8 50	6	1	LAST	1/2
23 WEDNESDAY.	8 50	6	11	LAST	1/2
24 THURSDAY.	8 52	6	18	LAST	1/2
25 FRIDAY.	8 53	6	26	LAST	1/2

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kite, Mr. SHERRMAN & MCKEEY, of Delaware county, New York, to MARGARET BRIGHT, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Kite, Mr. SAMUEL ESTER, to Mrs. ANN ZANE, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kite, Mr. THOMAS WIDDIN, to Miss ANN JANE BOND, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by John White, Rev. Mr. EBENEZER THOMAS, to Miss MARYAH AGONAGE GAL, both of Abington Township, Montgomery county.

On the 18th of the 8th month, at the Evansville Meeting House, Alloway Creek, JACOB RIDGWAY, to MERCY BRADWAY, all of New Jersey.

On Thursday week, by the Rev. G. T. Redell, D. T., P. MACMAHON, Esq. to Miss MARY WHITFIELD, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Whithill, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Gen. C. Potts, Mr. LEWIS P. MENTON, in Miss SARAH ELLEN CERAH, both of the county of Philadelphia.

In Carlisle, by the Rev. Joseph S. Spencer, Mr. EDMUND McGINNIS, of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss AMELIA McGINNIS, daughter of Col. John McGinnis, of that city.

On Friday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Charles R. Deneen, Mr. SAMUEL BANISTER, to Miss WILHEMINA, daughter of William Bargh, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. Holman, Mr. RICHARD YOUNG, of this city, to Miss ANN PENNINGTON, of Kensington.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Morris, Mr. ROBERT STONEBURNER, to Miss RACHAEL BULL, both of this city.

In Solon, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Child, RICHARD LYON, Esq. to Miss ARAVAKTA LAMH.—The Lyon shall be down with the Lamb, and a little Child shall lead them.

DIED.

On Tuesday, in the 80th year of his age, ANTHONY KITE.

On Tuesday afternoon, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and humility to the will of her God and Saviour, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Charles Kite, in the 84th year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, KEPHRAIM, infant son of Mr. Robert Palmer.

On Thursday evening, the 10th instant, ANDREW GALBRAITH, in the 23d year of his age.

On Friday evening, the 11th instant, CHRISTOPHER DEAL, in the 90th year of his age.

On Saturday afternoon, last, after a long indisposition, JOHN BULL, in the 70th year of his age.

On Sunday evening, the 12th instant, MR. WILLIAM OLIVER.

On the 12th September, MARY, wife of SAMUEL M. SOLOMON.

On Saturday morning, 12th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN EMLEY, in the 81st year of her age, after a painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, to the will of her God and Saviour.

On Sunday evening, ELIZA JANE, infant daughter of the Rev. Mr. Kite, in the 13th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. WILLIAM McDOWELL, aged 37 years, of poverty.

On the 14th inst. of consumption, Mr. HENRY FISS, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. at Columbia, South Carolina, Mrs. MARY KEE, a daughter of Mr. Moore, a native of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, ELIZA M. BROWN, of this city, aged 17 years.

On Monday evening, KEPHRAIM, infant son of Mr. Robert Palmer.

On Saturday morning, the 11th instant, ANDREW GALBRAITH, in the 23d year of his age.

On Saturday evening, the 11th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 12th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 13th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 16th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 17th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 18th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 19th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 20th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 22d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 23d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 24th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 25th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 26th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 27th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 28th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 29th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 30th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 31st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 1st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 2d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 3d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 4th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 5th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 6th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 7th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 8th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 9th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 10th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 13th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 14th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 15th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 16th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 17th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 20th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 21st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 22d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 23d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 24th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 26th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 27th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 28th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Saturday evening, the 29th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Sunday evening, the 30th instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Monday evening, the 31st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Tuesday evening, the 1st instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Wednesday evening, the 2d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Thursday evening, the 3d instant, MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kite.

On Friday evening, the 4th

